

THE HAYTI HERALD

VOL. 7.

HAYTI, MISSOURI, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1914.

NO. 2.

An Eel Story.

This is a story about eels—eels—eels—motorcycles and some men, but mostly eels. If you don't like a slick story, "slick as an eel," better not read it. There is nothing long about it, either, except the eels, and they were from two to six feet. It came about this way: Last Saturday afternoon Henry Dortch, Dan Dortch, Tom Burch, Ward Dorris, Jim Oates, Pat Murphy, Braggadocio Roy and Sim Slick mounted their motorcycles and sped away. Those who have seen Tom Burch and Henry Dortch set the pace know what speed means. Their destination was at a point on the Mississippi river a mile above Gayoso. Their alleged purpose was to camp out for the night, and to catch fish, to fry fish, and to eat fish. They did fish, but only eels bit, and only eels were caught. Such eels! Twenty one of them were landed and ranged from two to six feet long. But the boys wanted fish. Some said they had rather eat a snake than an eel. Tom Burch gave them the laugh. He said he liked eel better than any fish that swims the waters. The eel wasn't any relation to the snake, he said, and he had as soon wear one for a necktie as to wear a silk scarf. Tom had a monopoly of the eels and came near laughing his buttons off because the other boys were so afraid of them. He fried eels and ate eels, while the other boys went hungry, and tried to even up by calling him a snake-eater. Tom said they might call him any old thing or do to him what they pleased, that he was perfectly satisfied with the way the "fishing" was panning out. The frying pan on the red coals was full of hot, browning eels, and the air was filled with the appetizing odor of fish. The smell, the boys said, was the only thing about an eel that resembled fish to them. Tom said it was the taste that struck him as the most favorable. Perhaps Tom ate more than he might have done had the boys not "ragged" him so. He ate eel to show them how brave he was and how he liked them. The fun and the eels were all his. The night wore on, but those of the boys who stuck to their fishing caught nothing but more eels. Midnight had passed and the crowd had assembled around the camp fire. A cloud moved across the moon and a few splashes of rain pattered down upon the dried leaves. None of the boys could sleep. They were hungry and disappointed. Mr. Burch was in better condition. It was all he could do to keep awake. Finally he stretched out on a pile of leaves and went serenely off into the land of Nod. The other boys smoked and told yarns until they, too, were about ready to enter dreamland. Sim Slick was one who held out. He said he would never bat his eyes as long as all those eels were laying around. Just as soon go to sleep in a den

W. C. Miller came over from Senath Monday, in company with W. H. Stewart and Ben Ellis, for the purpose of organizing a nest of the Order of Owls. The Order of Owls, like the Elks, has many good features, only it is not so expensive. Its principles and purposes are bound to appeal to any good citizen.

Miss Eva Cagle of Reevesville, Ill., was a recent visitor of Misses Winnie and Laura Jeffress in this city.

Fred Morgan has done the handsome thing by moving his subscription up a couple of years.

John B. Miles of Senath has enrolled his name with the Herald for another year.

George Merrell of Carleton was circulating among his Hayti friends Saturday.

The home of Billie Hatley at Braggadocio was destroyed by fire Saturday.

Dr. G. S. McFarland of Concord, was in town Saturday, looking after business matters.

Mrs. B. L. Guffy and daughter, little Miss Helen, were visiting in Caruthersville Sunday.

of snakes, he said. Tom slept on, but along toward day he suddenly sprang to his feet, grabbed his left leg with both hands and yelled, "snake! snake! snake!" at the top of his voice. Some of the other boys who had been half asleep jumped up and grabbed poles, and Sim Slick slid up a hackberry bush, which he had been leaning against. "Throw down your sticks and run here, quick," yelled Tom, "the snake is up my breeches leg." All the time he was prancing around on one foot, trying to get a better hold on the thing he was clutching at. Henry Dortch, getting over the first shock of his fright, tried to persuade Tom that nothing was up his breeches leg, that he had only been dreaming of eels. Tom was getting desperate now. "Blame your fool time," he said, "don't you suppose I know what a snake is? Quick! Help! Get him out! It's a water moccasin and has already bitten me nine times!" Finally Dortch summoned his courage and ran in and grabbed Tom, and with the help of several of the other boys, soon had him relieved of his breeches and—the eel, for it was an eel! When Tom could get his breath, he said: "I'll be d-d-gummed! Well, I like eel—I can eat 'em fried, but I'll be gosh-blast if they make breeches big enough to hold me and an eel at the same time." How the eel got up Tom's breeches leg may never be known, but suspicion rests upon Sim Slick as having something to do with it. After it was all over the boys agreed not to tell the story, and it is only from rumors that leaked out that we are enabled to give you report of it, at all, hence cannot vouch for its accuracy in every particular.

Killed at Crossing.

When Tom Moore drove out of town Monday evening toward his home on the Russell place two miles east of here, he had no premonition that a sudden and tragic death awaited him so soon. A little after 5 o'clock he got into his wagon and with his adopted son, Andrew, a boy eleven years old, drove away. Five minutes later he was dead, his body horribly mangled under the wheels of a Frisco passenger train, while the boy miraculously escaped with only a few slight bruises about the head.

The crossing where the accident occurred is on Emerald avenue, between Rose and Randolph streets, just north of the curve near the Oates cemetery. On the west side of the track, from which Moore was approaching, stood a string of box cars, which obscured the view of the train as it came from the south. The boy, Andrew, says neither he or Moore saw or heard the train until it bore down upon them out of the darkness. All he remembers of the instant which followed was the terrible crash as the engine tore midway through the wagon, scattering it like a child's toy. The boy was thrown on the pilot and carried several hundred feet, and when the train stopped was taken off practically unharmed. The mangled body of Moore was taken from under the tender.

The boy says when the train struck the wagon he was standing up, driving, and his father was sitting down, having just started to eat a cheese sandwich.

The wagon belonged to the Russell Brothers and was badly wrecked. The engine struck the wagon about midway, cutting it in two, and the mules ran away with the front wheels, but were not hurt.

Several persons were near and saw the accident, and corroborate the boy's story as to the box cars that obscured the approaching train.

The engine was in charge of Jim Myers, engineer, and H. L. Kendrick, fireman. It is said they claim to have complied with all regulations and that the accident, on their part, was unavoidable.

The county coroner, Dr. B. D. Crowe, came out Tuesday morning and held the inquest. The jury returned a verdict that Moore came to his death by being struck by a Frisco passenger train.

Mr. Moore was about 50 years old, was a farmer and a poor man. He leaves a wife and two adopted children, a girl, Emma, fifteen, and the boy, Andrew, who was in the wreck. Moore and his wife came from Tennessee about sixteen years ago, and have ever since resided close around Hayti.

Emma and Andrew, the two adopted children, were taken from a St. Louis orphanage some years ago. Another orphan adopted by Mr. Moore died several years ago and was buried in the Dowd cemetery. Being very devoted to the child, Mr. Moore had frequently said he wished to be buried by its side, and the wish was complied with, interment taking place Wednesday.

John Baird has accepted the position of bookkeeper in the office of J. W. Stephens at Caruthersville.

Albert Klingensmith came in from Concord Saturday to spend a few hours.

John Fields, who has been ill of typhoid fever for some time, is still very low.

The little child of Mrs. Ola Greenwell is critically ill of pneumonia.

Hayti Censuses.

The census of Hayti, as reported by the members of the W. C. T. U. of Hayti, was not taken at the suggestion of anyone outside of the organization, as has been circulated from certain sources, but was taken by the members of our local Union, for the use and benefit of the Union, and for the general information of the public. Ten members were selected to canvas the town and take the census. They made a thorough canvas of the town and found 1204 inhabitants inside the corporate limits.

Mrs. L. F. UTLEY, Pres.
Mrs. ADA JUDEN, Sec.
Please publish this.

It is not our purpose to have any argument with the ladies, and, as we have often said, they are welcome to use our space at any and all times. We have never known the object of their census. It is said some of their enumerators told the families they visited it was for Sunday school purposes—to see how many children were out of Sunday school, etc. Many families say the enumerators did not visit their homes at all. The fact that they had 10 enumerators evidently explains why their census was so low. "Too many cooks spoil the broth," you know. In 1900 Hayti had 419 population. While the hardest times Hayti ever knew included 1900 to 1910 the census shows the population increased 638, but the enumerator in 1910 told us that with more time he might have added 300 more names to his list, which would have made an increase of 938 and our count would have been 1357. The fastest growing period in Hayti's history includes 1910 to 1914. Therefore if our increase in 1900 to 1910 over doubled itself by 100, then taking the same ratio of increase 1910 to 1914 would make our population 2031 or 827 more than the ladies claim, and therefore their census lacks 15 being as far wrong as they claim for the city's census. Why, the Kohn addition, which must contain 300 people, has been principally built up since 1910, to say nothing of the many buildings that have gone up in every part of town and there is not a vacant building anywhere, and the ladies' census 153 less than the Government enumerator said it should have been in 1910. Surely there is something wrong. Yes, "too many cooks spoil the broth."

The White Star Bakery at Caruthersville, owned by John Streiff, suffered about \$15 or \$20 damage Sunday by a false alarm of fire being turned in. He had put some wood in the oven to dry out for Monday morning, which caught fire and filled the room with smoke. The damage was caused by the fire department breaking into the building. Not to be outdone, the fire fiend followed John, and on Monday when he went to his room to take a nap he placed some waste paper in the stove to create a little warmth, and the flue being defective, the house caught fire and was damaged between \$250 and \$300.

After several escapades in this city, Price Graham, city marshal of Portageville, was arrested by Night Marshal Dan Giffin, and will have his trial before the police court the 20th.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Reeves had the misfortune to lose their first child Sunday. It was a girl and lived about 20 minutes. Being a six months' child, all the odds of life were against it.

Dallas, aged 11, and Grace, aged 13, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bud Cathey, are very low of pneumonia.

Walter Teel, the Concord merchant, was in town Saturday afternoon.

C. L. Bryson of Pascola paid this office a business call Monday.

Irene, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Warth, is dangerously ill of pneumonia.

Moved Back to Hayti.

Attorney Sam Jeffress has removed his law library from Caruthersville to his office here, which is in the city hall. About a year ago Mr. Jeffress took a wild goose notion to move to Caruthersville and secured an office there and went so far as to move his library, which, by the way, is one of the most complete in the county. Owning a handsome home here, and having resided here so long, and his practice being so firmly established with a local clientele, Mr. Jeffress finally decided that he could serve his own and his friends' interest better from this point. Judge W. W. Tarkington, one of the newly elected justices of the peace, will office with Mr. Jeffress, which is an assurance that all customers will get a square deal, whether "both sides" are satisfied or not. In other words, these gentlemen are engaged in the two-sided business, as it takes two sides to make a real healthy, vigorous lawsuit.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the merchants and friends who donated so liberally in our misfortune. May God bless and prosper you in our prayer.

Henry Hayes and Wife.

George W. Crockett, of the real estate firm of Allen & Crockett, Caruthersville, was in this city last Thursday, and paid this office a business call. They are experienced real estate men, and their home office is in Marshall, Saline county, their office at Caruthersville being opened as a branch. We understand they have a number of prospective buyers for Pemiscot county farms.

Everett Baird and Arthur Stacey attended to business at Portageville Monday.

Billie Trail came over from Senath Saturday to spend a few days in this city.

Frank Johnson of Terry attended to business in this city Saturday.

Ben Phillips came in from Braggadocio Saturday to spend a few hours.

Everett Baird, one of our good farmers, has paid for the Herald another year.

Mrs. and Geo. Mizzell were shopping in Caruthersville Monday.

Miss Ethel Skinner came up from Memphis Saturday to spend a few days visiting friends and old acquaintances.

Drew Vardell of Kennett attended to business in this city Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Scott visited in Caruthersville Sunday.



How Would You Break a Man's Nerve With a Playing Card?

Alaric Trine sought his revenge armed with a single playing card.

He broke Alan Law's nerve and nearly wrecked the happiness of his own daughter.

His other child—but you'd better see the pictures.

The Trey O' Hearts

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

The most extraordinary moving picture play ever produced.

It cost a big price to get it for this community, but we have it, and you can see it in weekly installments at

Story begins in the Hayti Herald Thursday, December 3.

Pictures begin at the Doris Theatre Friday night, December 4.

Rice's 5 & 10 Cent Store

We sell the many little things for a little less than other places. Why? Because we buy for cash and sell for cash, thereby having no bad debts. We have many articles not found in the usual store. Come and look over our stock.

Graniteware, Queensware, Light Hardware, Toys, Groceries, Notions, Candies, Jewelry.

Agency for the Famous Eureka Steel Ranges

MRS. L. E. RICE, Hayti, Mo.

BEGINNING SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21

I will offer all my Dry Goods and Shoes at greatly

REDUCED PRICES

Below you will find a few attractive prices:

Calico, per yard	4 1-2c
Outing Flannels, per yd	8 1-3c
Men's Underwear, 50c value	39c
Ladies' Shoes, \$1.50 value	\$1.00
Men's Shoes, \$2.00 value	\$1.50
Men's \$4.50 High-top Shoes	\$3.50

E. E. STANLEY
WEST SIDE SQUARE.
HAYTI, - MISSOURI